

THE FOLIO

Volume I Issue 47

New York, N.Y.

January 28, 1974

AUSTRIA TO FIGHT TWO-FRONT WAR?

73-D (1973Clec) Spring 1722

Austria (Stephen Tihor)

ARhi-Net, AHan-Hol, AMor-Boh, APap-Mil, ABav-Kas ((sic. no such unit)), ABud-Mor, ATyr-Ven, FNap-NTy, ABoh

England (Douglas Dick)

ALon, FIce-Nat, FNwgSFNth-Chr, FNth-Chr, FYor(EC)-Nth

France (John Boyer)

ANetSAVer-Rhe, ASav-Mil, AAuv-Sav, AAuv-Sav, ABri-Ver, AVer-Rhe, FNdyS, ANet, FMil-GLy

Ottoman (David Hov)

AKub-Cau, ABes-Kub, ARum-Bes, FCen-STy, Fcre-Cen, FBul-Gre

Poland (Bruce Wachtler)

APom-Den, APru-Pos, ALit, AKra-Sil, APos-Bra, AWar-Kra, FDen-Got

Russia (Drew McGee)

AKie, ASToSFBot-Got, AVar-Chr, AMoss, AKie, ASTP-Arc, FBot-Got

Spain (John Stevens)

APor-Mad, AMad-Gre, FBar-Tun, FSTy-Cen, FSev-Wes

* * *
More moves on pages 10 & 16.
* * *

NEXT DEADLINES:

73-3: February 2; 73-4: February 2;
73-5: February 9; 73-6: February 16;
73-7: February 2; 73-8: February 16;
73-9: February 9; 73-10: February 2;
73-11: February 16; 73-12: February 9;
73-B: February 9; 73-D: February 16;
73-E: February 16; 73-F: February 9

BUILDS

73-6 (1973DY) 1902

Austria-Hungary (Jeff Key)

no builds

England (John Boyer)

Builds: FEdi, FLon

France (David Staples)

no moves received. builds: Afar

Germany (Edi Birsan)

builds: AMun, ABer

Italy (Doug Beyerlein)

no builds

Russia (John Smythe)

no moves received. removes: FBoth

Turkey (Eric Just)

builds: AAnk

Thanks to Conrad von Metzke for unused stand-by moves. If John Smythe misses the next moves, he is out. In that case, Russia will be in civil disorder until its elimination.

* * *
Game 73-E, the Youngstown phone game is starting up. First deadline is February 16.

* * *
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THE POUCH

c/o Nicholas A. Ulanov
60 East 8th Street,
New York, N.Y. 10003

send letters, comments, and press
releases to the above address.

guest articles are welcome. we pay
five free issues for every article.

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Cary Fulbright

Raymond Heuer

Miles Smith

We still need those new subscribers, and we're not getting
enough of them. Please, get your mother to subscribe.

If anybody has the address of David Blemings would they please
send it in. He asked us to make him a subscriber, but he sent no
money. We do know that he lives somewhere in Canada.

We reiterate what would seem obvious, but apparently isn't.
Please send all press to the above address. Please send moves to
the GM.

Those in Gil Neiger's games, please note: Phone moves will be
accepted until 12-noon of the Saturday they are due. Please do not
phone them in later than 12.

Russ Nekorchuk is now at: Apt. 203, 7000 Nottingham, St. Louis,
MO. 63119.

Walt Buchanan's Hoosier Archives is now DIPLOMACY WORLD. While
we haven't liked the idea of DW being subsidized, we can heartily
recommend it. If you don't already subscribe, you should. It costs
6/\$3.00. Send money or inquiries to R.R. 3, Lebanon, Ind. 46052.

A new zine has appeared in all of our mailboxes. It's called
Alternate Reality. It's put out by subscriber, now trader, Ron Melton.
We've all enjoyed the first issue immensely. It's put out tri-weekly,
is 10/\$2.00, and is mimeographed. In addition to Diplomacy and Origins
games, it publishes a large number of original short stories, sci-fi
reviews, and wargaming material. They expect to be at 24 pages by
Summer. It has many of the best features of The POUCH and many totally
original. Sub! Write to Ron Melton, c/o Rhodes Books, 694 Broadway,
El Centro, CA 92243.

The following are on the stand-by list: Jamie Adams, Stephen
Tihor, Jonathan Jacobs, David Lagerson, Drew McGee, John Stevens,
Mike Ritter, Ronald Kelly, and Gary Peterson. Any additions or de-
letions?

subscriptions are 10/\$2.00

page two

David Staples/Rigot Press
538 3rd Avenue SE
P.O. Box 651
West Fargo, ND 58078
January 11, 1974

Dear fellow players and publishers:

Due to the shortage of stamps, for reasons which will become obvious, I am able to send these notices to but a few of you for now. I am depending upon you to spread the word so that this will inconvenience the fewest the least.

This morning, about 4 am, the house in which I reside was totally destroyed by fire. I was able to save but three items: my typewriter, ditto machine, and what clothes were on my back. Due to unselfish efforts by friends and neighbors-- the immediate crisis has passed in that we are equipped with temporary lodging. The financial burden of this disaster is, as yet, undetermined.

It is therefore with the deepest of regrets that I must announce, effective with this notice, a cessation of all publishing activities, and resignation from all games in which I am a player that are directly connected with these activities. If you wish to have me continue in your games without receiving anything in return, it will be highly appreciated-- but there will certainly be no hard feelings if you choose to accept my resignations.

Also lost in the blaze were all moves on file, including results of (if memory serves me correctly) 1973CU, 1973CZ, 1973FA, 1973Bdj, and 1973N which were to be processed and mailed today. I will transfer whatever load possible to Howard Johnson, perhaps 4-5 games. This leaves 6-8 games orphaned with, regrettably, the players holding the bag. Because the financial strain remains to be determined, but is certain to be deep, I will continue with games 1972FP and 1973FP only, publishing moves only. If you are in either of these games-- please send moves.

As for the remaining games, I will be forced to, at least for now, cop out on all players and miscellaneous subscribers. Therefore, you can plan on finding new gamemasters for at least six games. Volunteers would be greatly appreciated.

It is my sincere desire that I will be able to start life anew within a few months, and compensate new gamemasters accordingly, re-pay old subscribers, or, even resuming my rigorous and enjoyable publishing schedule including the resumption of gamemastering for any transferred games which aren't completed in the meantime and which any new GM will re-locate.

Fellow publishers-- please print notice of the demise of Rigot Press, so that the maximum possible number of subscribers (the list of which was also lost in the blaze) may know the reason for my disappearance.

My deepest thanks for yours and God's assistance.

Sincerely,

/s/ David G. Staples

((Conrad von Metzke is handling relocation of the orphans. We expect to take one.))

73-12 In a small but luxurious room above the Club Italiana, a loud discussion was under way.

"And I say we gotta hit him now!" Tough Tony pounded the table with his fist to emphasize the last three words.

"Dont't get so excited, Tony," soothed Frank, "you ain't even told us why it is you want to get him so bad."

Tony nodded to the burly hood guarding the one door to the plush room. "Bring him in," he said as he kneaded the back of the upholstered chair he was now standing behind instead of sitting in. A few seconds later the door opened again and a scrawny, dishveled punk flew into the room, propelled by a shove from the guard.

"Tell them what you told me."

"But, but, Mr. G..."

"Tell them!!"

"He..he's getting ready to muscle in on youse guys' territory. He's got plans to take over your Aegean Liquor Store operation and the Grecian Gardens too."

"Tell them who!!" Tony almost spat the words out.

"Scott the Turk."

"Alright, take him outta here." Tony's words were scarcely out of his mouth before the guard had his huge hands on the stoolie and was pushing out of the door.

The Big Man sitting impassively at the head of the table now looked slowly at each of the other six men sitting there. "Looks like we gotta take a vote," he said quietly. His eyes focused on Tony, who now sat meekly down. "We all know how you stand, Tony." Turning to the man on his own left, he said, "What do you say, Frank?"

Frank just nodded his head yes.

"Johnny?" Another nod.

"Gus?"

"It's too early. I think we oughtta wait."

The Big Man looked past Tony to the man on Tony's left. "How about you, Eddie?"

"Don't like it. I think mebbe Gus is right."

"Rico?"

"No. We oughtta wait and see what he does about the North Side boys first."

"Then it might just be too late." Frank's voice out of turn came as a bit of a surprise, causing even the Big Man's eyebrows to rise perceptibly. No one else spoke for long seconds.

(continued on page six)

'NOTHER BEER

by Nicholas A. Ulanov

It was a hot, summer day. The sun beat down on the dusty road outside Paul's Tavern. Inside, the light was dim. A Pearl Beer neon sign flickered erratically. Some flies buzzed in rhythm with the neon sign. In the back, the cue ball collided with the four ball and sent it rolling into the corner pocket. One of the men lazily called out, "'Nother beer, Paul."

The sound of tires coming to a stop on the dirt and gravel outside made its way through the door. Few heads turned to glance at who the newcomer might be.

The car door shut and in walked a duck-billed goose. The goose plodded up to the bar and ordered a root-beer.

"You can't just order a root-beer," came the dry rejoinder from the back.

Without turning, the goose quietly said, "Root-beer."

"Get him a Dr Pepper, Paul," said a voice in the back. The bartender started for a bottle of Dr Pepper.

"Hold it," said the goose, barely audible. The bartender's hand froze. "Root-beer," repeated the goose.

The click of a rifle being cocked came from the rear. The bartender remained motionless. There was no sound, other than the buzzing of the flies overhead and the neon sign.

The man with the rifle began to slowly move forward. The goose did not move. A voice in the back said, "Come on, try it. Yaw'll like it." The man with the rifle moved closer.

In a flash, the goose jumped in the air. His webbed feet came down with a thud on the man's back. The rifle fell, and then so did the man. In a blur of vision, the goose was behind the bar, grabbing a root-beer, and was back over the counter and out the door. The engine roared and the gravel flew as the car sped away.

Two bits spun around on the counter and slowly came to a halt. A man in the back nudged the man next to him and asked, "Can you beat that?"

"Nope," said the man.

Finally, the Big Man broke the uneasy silence with one carefully pronounced word.

"Hit."

Two days later, the Big Man called another meeting. The reason was the failure of Tony's hit man to eliminate Scott the Turk.

"What happened, Tony?"

"One of Eliot Nicholas' men picked him up before he even got out of our own territory."

"Blasted Feds!"

"Alright, pipe down! Where is he now, Tony?"

"We got him bailed out. He's at my place, the Club Venice."

"OK, you tell him to stay there." The Big Man shrugged his shoulders as if he were shifting a load he was carrying. "We'll just have to find some other way to take care of the Turk. In the meantime, Rico, are you ready to deliver the stuff to the Tunis Casino?"

"All set."

"OK, Eddie, I want you to take the Tunis operation. Let Frankie here take over the Club Romana."

73-9 ATTENTION ALL PLAYERS!

Being in an objectionable position, I would like to point out the fantastic diplomatic ability displayed by the Turkish player. In his latest press (issue 43) he openly offered his centers to the English player..

The English player, seeing centers just waiting to be grabbed, will make every effort to get to them. However, since England is a naval power he won't try to get to Turkey by land through Russia. Instead, England will move through the Mediterranean.

Although the English player will have no interest in the Italian centers, they will be threatened and the Wop will stop his attack on Turkey to protect himself.

At this point Turkey can go over to the offensive and overrun all the Balkans.

A magnificent piece of diplomacy!!!

Finally, the Turkish player can take back his offer to England. (He wouldn't have done it before, aside from the fact that England would have gone home, because everyone else would have realized what scum he really is, and would have united to destroy him.)

73-D Vienna, Austria: His Imperial Highness today announced that he had completed his recovery from the unfortunate accident during his recent visit to Rome which incapacitated him for three months.

73-D "Holy mother of pearl," cried Admiral Marvin von Muddok standing on the deck of ship of the line Marcel Proust. "What is that horrible pink mound rising out of the sea?" "Look," came the cry from the birds-nest, "The great giant pink mound has some digits inscribed upon its surface!" What is the great pink object? What digits are inscribed upon its surface? For the answers to these and other questions see the next article-issue.

HOW I FOUGHT BACK....AND WON

by Nicholas A. Ulanov

I have just successfully completed a four-month battle with the book club, The Literary Guild. I have been a member for several years, and this is the story of how I triumphed.

About six months ago the club changed the kind of "negative-option" card they sent members. A negative option is where they say to you, "We will send you a book a month unless you tell us not to." By using this technique, many people are sent books who do not want them. Either they forget to send in the computer cards they are sent telling the company they don't want the book, or they merely ignore it. Most of the people when they get the unwanted book, pay for it rather than send it back as they may. This is how the book clubs can stay in business. They claim, probably correctly, that without the negative option they wouldn't do a big enough volume.

Anyway, they changed the nice regular computer-punched card they sent for you to indicate what books you wanted that month (or if you wanted no book including the negative option one) to a small piece of paper on which you had to write in black pencil, much like the standard exams now offered throughout the country in schools which are corrected by machine. I generally don't want any of the books they offer, and belong to the club for the few really good books they offer. Well, a month would go by and one of the new forms would arrive. I would dutifully check off the box indicating you wanted no book that month with a number 2, led pencil. And what do you think would happen in a few weeks? All sorts of strange books would arrive. Being a good person, I would return them.

After several months of this I got mad as hell at receiving books I did not want and returning them. So I checked with the New York State Attorney-General's office. A relatively new law exists in New York which says that if you are sent unsolicited merchandise (be it a used toothbrush or a brand new Rolls-Royce), you do not have to pay for it or return it, but may keep it. This is to wipe out the many companies which send unsuspecting people junk in the mail and then demand payment. It seems that most people who get such junk do pay for it even they did not order it and do not want it. Well I asked if I had to return a book from the Guild if it didn't fall under the negative option rule and I had not ordered it. The office said no, I didn't. So the next time I got a book I didn't order, I returned it with a note explaining that I had been informed that I could keep such a book, and would the next time they sent one to me. I ended by imploring them to stop sending me all those books.

You know what happened next? How did you ever guess? The next month I got another book in the mail. So I kept it. Then I got a bill for the book. I returned the bill, telling them I had checked, and I did not have to pay for the book, that if they checked their records they would find I had not ordered the book, would they please fix my account to note that I did not owe them money. I had always paid promptly for books I had ordered. You know it worked? No more unsolicited books. In fact, no more membership bulletin with new book offers. But I did get

one thing from them. A bill and with it a form letter informing me that they were cancelling my membership for lack of payment.

I figured let's reason this out, so I sent them a nice business letter explaining everything, and asking them to fix their records and restore my account, and when they did, please not to send me any books I didn't order. In about a week I got another bill for the book, with a new form letter and no mention of my letter. I figured in a large business, it can happen. So I returned the bill with another nice letter similar to the first. In about two weeks, I got a new bill with yet another form letter and still no mention of my last letters.

So I sent them a somewhat irate letter with a complete past history even down to the numbers of the form letters. Yet another bill, which like the rest indicated that whether I paid or not, my membership was cancelled. And oh yes, another form letter. So I sent a letter beginning, "IS ANYBODY THERE? ARE YOU LISTENING?" In a few days I got a new bill and a new form letter. This little buffeting of my head against a brick wall went on for about twelve letters from me and twelve bills from them. Then something really irritating happened. Up until this point I had been getting different form letters. I at least figured I was moving around and might hit the right person some day. But then I got two responses which contained the first two form letters I had gotten. I was back at the beginning of the cycle of form letters! That was enough!

I have been aware for some time that in every state one can sue anybody for a sum not exceeding \$500 in Civil Court at a cost of about \$4 (unless you want a transcript of your brilliant oratory which will cost you about \$40). If you act as your own lawyer, your expenses are almost non-existent. But think what they are for a big company. They have to get a lawyer down to the court and make a professional presentation. This can cost a lot of money, because while the judge understands a poor presentation from the consumer, he doesn't from the big company. (Incidentally, if a company ever threatens to sue you for something, tell them you'll demand a jury trial -- as the person who's being sued can. This will make them think twice. A jury trial can last for months, and they have to pay a lawyer and waste time during the whole thing.) So I wrote the Literary Guild a brief letter. It said I was sick of writing them fifteen letters without any kind of a response except lunatic form letters. It said I had called and complained to the Attorney-General and that I was considering suing them in Civil Court and asking for damages. I said I was sick and tired of this joke and wanted my account fixed and the sending of club bulletins resumed. In a few days (yesterday), I got the following letter:

The Literary Guild
Garden City, N.Y. 11530

January 24, 1974

Mr Nicholas A. Ulanov
60 East 8th Street
New York, N.Y. 10003

Acct. #55 041-749383

Dear Mr. Ulanov:

By now, you have no doubt received our note sent earlier this month, advising you that we have adjusted your account and removed the \$8.22 charge. Unfortunately, the bill you received had already been addressed and could not be intercepted.

We're sorry for the delay in resolving the problem, and it is certainly never our intention to bill a member for a book not ordered or received. You may be sure that the mishandling of your previous correspondence regarding the matter will be investigated.

Service on your account has been resumed and you should shortly receive the April Magazine, now in the mail. Under separate cover I am sending those for January, February and March. If you wish to order any titles from these, please use the attached copy of my letter and postage paid envelope to do so. Since you would not have sufficient time to return the notification forms, shipment of these features will be withheld.

Your membership is a valued one, Mr. Ulanov, and we are glad that it is to continue. ~~However,~~ should you have a question in the future, a letter addressed to me will assure my immediate attention.

Cordially,
THE LITERARY GUILD

/s/ Charles R. Hynek
General Supervisor.
CRH:MWT
cc:Office of the Attorney General

A couple of comments are in order. I never have received the notice that my account has been adjusted, but I did receive the April bulletin. Further, my last letter clearly stated that I had received the book and kept it (as did my complaint to the Attorney General). But I'm not going to quibble. I'm satisfied. In addition, it seems that in future I have a direct line into the main office, and that I will always have fine treatment. I am overwhelmed at receiving a postage paid envelope. The Literary Guild never sends an envelope for anything that does not require the member to affix a stamp of his own. And they dropped the negative option for me for January, February, and March!

It is rather disgusting that you have to go through what I did to get decent service. Very few people are willing to send in 12 letters. In fact, you get no service when you are reasonable, you have to go to the Attorney General to get any help, and even then you have to threaten to sue. And then when you finally get service they give you more than you want, so of course all the members have to pay for the extras.

All I can say, is that if you get screwed, don't take it. I got fed up at last and got service. Next time I won't wait for twelve letters to go back and forth, only two or three. Now, I only hope the next time I order that I get no books I don't indeed get one. But if I do, I'm sure Mr. Hynek will fix it up. If you are a member of the Literary Guild and you have problems, I suggest you write to Mr. Hynek. I suspect you'll get help on the first letter.

In future I'm going to find out the name of an executive officer of a company that gives me trouble, and write to him. I think it will help. I'm sick of being kicked around, and these big companies with form letters won't have Nicholas Ulanov to kick around anymore!

BYE-BYE RUSSIA

73-5 (1973DX) Fall 1909

Austria-Hungary (Leo Plotkin, 2) ABul-Con, AMosSALiv-StP, AVie, ASev-Arm, ANap, ARom, ASer, ALiv-StP, ARum-Sev, AGal, FIon-EMed, FAegSFEMed-Smy, FEMed-Smy. owns: Bud, Tri, Vie, Bul, Gre, Mos, Nap, Rom, Rum, StP, Ser, Sev, Smy, Ven, War (15) builds: ABud, FTri

England (Alex Katzoff, -1) ASwe-Nwy, FDenSFSmy-Bur, FSkaSFDen, FHel-Hol, FEng-Bel, FNthSFHel-Hol. owns: Edi, Liv, Lon, Den, Nwy, ~~Swe~~ (5) removes: FHel

France (Eric Robinson) FPor. owns: Por (1) no builds

Germany (Duncan Smith, 1) ASil-Mun, APic-Bel, ASpa, ABre, AMun-Ruh, FBel-Nth, FHol, FKie, FBal-Swe. owns: Ber, Kie, Mun, Bel, Ber, Hol, Mar, Par, Spa, Swe (10) builds: ABer

Italy (Bruce Wachtler) FTun. owns: Tun (1) no builds

Russia (Cary Fulbright) no moves received. ASmy (elim.), AStP (elim.). owns: ~~Swe~~, ~~Smy~~ (0) no builds

Turkey (Greg Costikyan) AAnkSFCon, FConSAAnk. owns: Ank, Con (2) no builds

A concession to Austria has been suggested. Vote on it with next moves.

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press

73-5 Recently I have been told that all Armenians are piles of shit. I am not going to argue the point. However, I would like to say that, as I am only a quarter Armenian, I am obviously only a quarter of a pile of shit. Also, what the hell are you doing in Cyprus? It's Russian held, anyway. Oh yes, we demand the surrender of Fascist Armenia to the Neo-Byzantine Empire immediately, and withdrawal of the Khanate of the Golden Horde's sphere of influence from the Ararat-Yerevan area. According to the 2100 New York (the Known World) Times Almanac, the Babylonian Empire is the largest country in the Known World.

Old Time Daddy, don't you blow your horn,
Everything's under control.
Old Time Daddy, don't you blow your horn
'Cause you think you're getting too old.
Just go on with your drinkin',
Then drive home in a Lincoln.
Oh, Old time Daddy, don't you blow your horn,
Everything's under control.

From The Thoughts of Emperor-Patriarch Costikyan

73-9 An open letter from the humble, blue people to Goldilocks
(Somewhere in the South of Europe).

I's a comin'! I's a comin'!!

THE PEACE LOVER'S GUIDE TO

SPORTS GAMES

PT I

BY DKS

Many people, at least according to our publisher, have objected to my wargame revues on the grounds that they are sadistic, and immoral. So I decided to write reviews on sports games, and do you know what I found out? Mr Ulanov objects to them even more strongly than to wargames. I am now sure that if Mr Ulanov had his way, the only games people would play would be chess and diplomacy (give or take a few math problems!). Next week my reviews will deal with baseball games. The rating system is the same as usual. That is * for poor, ** for fair, *** for good, **** for excellent. ((This is totally untrue.))

STRA-TO-MATIC PRO FOOTBALL. ***

This football game simulates the prowess of all the football players in the NFL from year to year. In other words the 1971 Dallas Cowboys would have a special card for Duane Thomas, Calvin Hill, etc, as they performed in that year. The cards represent all the different players on a given team. The defensive team is moved on a special board. The defensive player moves his defensive players to make them blitz, double cover, etc. The problem with this game, and it's no minor one, is that there are only five plays opened to the offense: the lineback, the endrun, the flat pass, the short pass, and the long pass. Other than that, the game is quite good. It even has a solitaire scenario.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED PRO FOOTBALL. ****½

Again this game simulates the real teams and how they did in a given year. For instance, the Dallas Cowboys are the best in the 1971 version and the Miami Dolphins in the 1972 one. These teams unfortunately are given player by player but rather as a whole. The teams are all given on their own color-coded chart. On chart everything can be found: offense, defence, special teams, etc. The game uses three very strange die. The numbers on this die are different from normal ones. All together there are 216 ways for these dice to be rolled. Unlike Strato-matic Pro Football, there are many offensive plays: line plunge, off tackle, end run, draw, screen, short pass, medium pass, long pass, and side line pass. There are also many different defensive plays: standard, short yardage (inside run), short yardage (Outside run), pass prevent (short), pass prevent (long). and the blitz. This game is quite realistic and lots of fun

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED COLLEGE FOOTBALL. ****

This game is the same one as the one preceeding except for the teams and the offensive plays. The teams are the alltime great collegiate teams, like the 1967 Ohio State Buckeyes, the 1966 Notre Dame Irish, the 1970 Nebraska Cornhuskers, etc, all together 30 teams. Unlike the Sports Illustrated Pro Football Game, in this game, the teams can run their quarterbacks quite a bit. The different plays emphasize the difference between pro ball and college ball. These plays are: line plunge, counter, endrun or reverse, draw, option play, screen pass, sprintout pass, bootleg pass, and dromback pass. Special charts are provided for the quarterback's runs. The only problem with this game is that the teams are so good that it's quite to score against them!

VINCE LOMBARDI'S GAME OF PRO FOOTBALL. ***

This game is really three games in one: basic, intermediate, and advanced. The basic involves no real teams, just a game between you and your opponent. The intermediate game rates all NFL teams in terms of their abilities in stopping or carrying out certain plays. The advanced game rates all the players in the NFL between two and five, depending on how good a player is. After making your line up up, you add all the ratings to come up with an offensive rating. This determines how much to add to the die roll when a player is running. Here's an example: Dallas has an offensive rating of X, and the ball was handed off to Alvin Hill who has a rating of 4M, +1 would be added to the die roll. There are twenty plays in this game, but only 7 basic ones: inside runs, outside runs, delayed runs, screens, short passes, medium passes, and long passes. This game is quite fun, but there are a lot of problems. With a little ingenuity, though, they could be solved.

NFL STRATEGY (TUDOR). ****

This game has nothing to do with the NFL or its football teams, but there is no football game on the market right now, that can teach you more about pro football than this one. There are 34 offensive plays, all with an explanation of their use in pro football, when to use them and how. They do the same things with the twelve defences. What makes this game so good, is its apparent simplicity. Actually the game is very complex, and it will be quite a while before you learn hoe to use the great amount of plays given with any dexterity. This one of the few games where a real pro football player would have a great advantage. This game is quite good looking too. Ther is an automatic timer. This game is really good!

FOOTBALL STRATEGY. **½*

This Avalon Hill football game was one of the first sport games ever, but still, it has quite a few redeeming features. For one thing there is no luck involved in the game at all. There are three types of offenses. The first is the standard offense, one that is balanced between its passing and its rushing. Then there's the ball control offense. In this one, the rushing is great, but the passing is not. This offense will grind the yards out for you. And last of all, there's the passing offense. Great passing, but lousy running. This is okay when you think about it. Its passing is better than the ball control's or the standard's. The only real problem with this game, is that there is no luck. Real pro football has to have luck or else it's not football.

Next week we'll handle the baseball games.

* * *

73-8 (I AM A SPY: YELLOW. AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF KIMBALL DREK)

PART II. EDUCATION

At the age of six, I was sent to school for the first time in Moslemville. There I was tortured. Everyday I was met by the jeers of all the other children yelling "Camel Drek, Camel Drek". But when I reached the age of nine, all that ended. On that birthday, my parents gave me a chemistry set. The next day I blew up three teachers, burned up seven students, and poisoned sixteen monitors. I spent the next ten years in Sing, Sing Jr. a prison for juveniles. It was there that I learned the techniques of spying. I learned how to get out of locked rooms (I was often locked up in the latrine by the other inmates), how to test your food for poison (our cook was a professional poison maker and he had picked up quite a few bad habits!). After I got out, I took the LaSalle course for amateur spies, and before you could say "Camel Drek!", I was a spy. And, oh, yes, I changed my name to Kimball Drek.

(NEXT WEEK: PART III. MEDIOCRITY)

73-8 (THE NOUVEAU RICHE TURKISH GAZETTE. A MOVIE REVIEW)

Baroness Dracula von Neumann's new vampyre picture, "Is there sucking after death?" can only be described as a pain in the neck. Rarely have I seen such a lack of taste. Not only is the movie a bloody orgy, but it's downright obscene. That's its only redeeming feature. And not only that but..... (The reviewer was just killed by a flying bat. Stay tuned for later developments.)

73-5 (DEATH IN IRAYLAND)

Hector C. Dunchound was a secret agent. He had just arrived to London, from New York City. As his name implied, he was a dunchound. That of course made him very noticeable in the all Kitty Katzoff city of London. He had a meeting at Scotland Yard at 6:00, and it was now 5:45. Better jump into a taxi, he thought.

"Hey taxi!" Hector cried out, "Take me to Scotland Yard."

Scotland Yard was a beautiful and gigantic building. Hector quickly paid his fare and stepped out of the taxi. As he entered Scotland Yard, Hector pondered the nature of his assignment.

"Sargent, can you direct me to the office of Lt. Elmer McKitty, please?" Hector asked the guard at the door.

"Yes, of course. Take a left then a right, walk until you reach the third door. Enter and take a right and then another, then turn around and and take a left until you reach the sixth door, then make a right till you reach the staircase, climb three flights and turn a right then a left, walk till you reach the seventh door, and you'll be there. Have you got that?" the sargent asked.

"Yes, of course." Hector answered dubiously. Quickly he followed the directions and after a half an hour walk he arrived at his destination. He knocked at the door, and when he heard a "come in", he entered. He couldn't believe his eyes.

He was sure that Elmer McKitty was going to be a male. That's why he was surprised; Lt. Elmer McKitty was a beautiful female Kitty Katzoff! Hector had seen female Kitty Katzoffs before but he had always seen them as unnatractive women. In a world populated by many different species of animals, one had perticular tastes. Hector had always tried to stick his love affairs strictly to his own species, Dunchounds, although he had once fallen for a cute Robinoceros. Yet Hector was willing to make an exeption with this Kitty Katzoff!

"Are you Miss McKitty?" Hector asked.

"I'm Lt. Elmer McKitty, if that's what you mean. Are you Hector Dunchound, the man from New York?" she responded business like.

"Yes, I am. And now if you don't mind, I would like to know what all this about. If you could enlighten me on that, I would be pleased." Hector declared rather angrily.

"Don't be angry Mr. Dunchound, I will tell all. Sit down and get ready for an explanation. Two weeks ago, a very smart French industrialist, Eric von Robinoceros, who had been smart enough to build all

his factories in Portugal and thus escape the Germans, was seen in Belfast. Scotland Yard knows that this man has been selling weapons to the I.R.A, better known as the Iraysh Republican Army. As you probably know, they have been conducting a guerrilla campaign throughout Irayland, and even here in London. The Rayrillas of Irayland have been fighting for freedom for quite a few years but now with the automatic weapons supplied by Eric von Robinoceros, they will be able to win and subdue all of Irayland. Our assignment, and I do mean ours, is to kill Eric von Robinoceros and destroy the weapons he has already supplied. Have you got it now?" she finally said.

"Yes, unfortunately I do." Hector answered.

TO BE CONTINUED....

* * *

73-7 (THE SHOOTOUT. A LUKE LEPANTO WESTERN)

"So this is Aracenia, Manny boy!", Luke said, "And they weren't kidding. This place stinks!"

"I can tell you never been to Indiana, back in states. It make this place look like St Troppee, or Parce, Frank!" Manny told Luke.

Luke and Manny rode into the town. Riding down the broad main avenue, Luke noticed a sign. "Turkish Baths" it read. "Is that one of dem Boydellos I heard about, Manny?" Luke asked.

"Could be, could be." Manny answered, "Let's investigate."

Luke and Manny dismounted and entered the Turkish Baths. They were met at the door by an extremely attractive woman wearing a very seductive negligee. "What can I do for you?" she asked. Luke answered her with his tongue hanging out, in words that I don't think have to be repeated. "Come with me", she told Luke. She took him by the hand and took him into the salon. "Would you like to stroke my pussy?" she asked him. "His answer was "Hubba, hubba!". "In that case please follow me into this room." the woman told him. Luke followed her in.

He spent three days in a hospital after that incident. It seems that the woman had a Bengal tiger in her bedroom. Luke had to have seventeen stitches sown up in his rear end. The tiger was not very friendly.

WAC PRINTOUT.....

ARE ARE RUMORS AFOOT. ONE IS THAT EVAN JR IS REALLY A BASEBALL PLAYER BY THE NAME OF ROSE. ANOTHER IS THAT HE'S BEEN MAILING OBSENE AND RATHER RUDE LETTERS TO A KANGAROO POUCH. PERHAPS THEY'RE NOT TRUE, BUT WHO KNOWS.....

FRENCH ARMY IN RETREAT

73-11 (1973HN) Fall 1901

Austria-Hungary (David Lagerson, 2) FAlb-Gre, ASerSFAlb-Gre, AVie-Gal,
owns: Bud, Tri, Vie, Gre, Ser (5)

England (Leo Plotkin, 1) FLon-Eng, FNthCAYor-Nwy, AYor-Nwy. owns: Edi,
Liv, Lon, Nwy (4)

France (Ken Muszynski, 1) FBre-Mid, ABur-Par, ASpa-For. owns: Bre,
Mar, Par, For (4)

Germany (Garry Peterson, 3) ARuh-Bel, FHolSARuh-Bel, AKie-Den. owns:
Ber, Kie, Mun, Bel, Den, Hol (6)

Italy (David Tutacko, 1) AAPu-Tun, FionCAApu-Tun, AVen-Tus. owns:
Nap, Rom, Ven, Tun (4)

Russia (Paul Neumann, 2) FBla-Rum, AUkrSFBlarum, AWar-Gal, FBoth-
Swe. owns: Mos, StP, Sev, War, Rum, Swe (6)

Turkey (Mike Honig, 1) FCon-Aeg, AAnk, ABul-Gre. owns: Ank, Con, Smy,
Bul (4)

Russian request for postponement was denied by the GM. There has been a
request for a separate build season. Next moves will be builds.

FRENCH STEAM INTO LIVERPOOL

73-8 (1973FJ) Spring 1903

Austria-Hungary (Jonathan Jacobs) AGal-War, AUkrSAGal-War, ASer-Tri,
FAlbSFEMed-Ion, ARum-Gal

England (Douglas Dick) FNthCANwy-Yor, ~~FN~~wy-Yor, FNwg-Cly

France (Eric Robinson) FBre-Eng, FLonSFBre-Eng, Firi-Liv, FMar-Spa(SC),
ABer-Kie, APar-Pic, APic-Bel, ABel-Ruh, ABurSABel-Ruh

Germany (Drew McGee) FHol-Hel, AKie-Den

Italy (Richard Swies) ATun-Gre, FionCATun-Gre (-Adr, Apu, Tyr), FNapS
Fion, ABoh-Tyr

Russia (Mike Honig) AWar-Ukr. (-Liv, Pru, Sil), AMos, FStP(NC)-Nwy,
FSwe-Den

Turkey (Duncan Smith) ASev-Mos, FBul(EC)-Bla, AGre, FEMed-Ion, FAegS
FEMed-Ion, FSmy-EMed

Next moves may be conditional on Italian and Russian retreats.

ROBERT BRYAN LIPTON First of all, let me compliment you on your excellent choice of articles. I have rarely seen as well written an article as mine in The POUCH #43. I find myself in full agreement with myself. Rod Walker's article-letter was good. I hope I'll see less mistakes like the one that prompted this article in the future. I am also glad to see that Duncan has taken my suggestion on a guide to early issues of The POUCH. It proves I have missed nothing.

I am in a quandry about Penelope's articles. Even when I agree with them, as in "Quantity, Not Quality, Is the Name of the Game..." I find myself annoyed by her writing style. I cannot explain why, but this is so.

As for gameshows, I enjoy watching Jeopardy, and that's about it. I agree with your comments. One recent afternoon I watched a ridiculous one in which a girl won \$5000 by guessing a word in a phrase (Seargent _____ and she chose "York"). ((Of course you saw her win it while just changing channels....from one soap to another,))

Jones' article was good. His understanding of Origins is matched only by his worthlessness as a poet.

As for my letter, why in hell do you publish letters that you don't understand. The secret word is "lose", FYI. And if there's anything in this letter you can't understand don't it. ((Sorry, wrong again. The secret word is "banana."))

((Thanks for the fascinating letter, Bob.))

ERNIE MELCHIOR ((To PND)) Dammit, anyone who is going to put out a variant on which he intends to ask other people to invest their time in (Recall that though all too many Dippy players get into every game that looks at all interesting and wind up terribly over-extended and having to ruin several games by defaulting, most of us limit ourselves to a small commitment which we intend to keep, win or lose.) he'd better be very sure to justify their time by having a game that a) every player has a sound chance to win, b) every player can quite conceivably be affected in an important way by every other player, c) is clear and as simple as fits with the game's idea, d) is not over-abundant with stale-mate possibilities and e) is fun and enjoyable to play as much as possible from start to finish.

No player's time is so worthless that it should be wasted postally on proving that a game is crummy. Recall that while everyone can eventually find a whole afternoon or night free to test a game he's interested in, most people cannot make a large number of commitments on the long-term basis postal Dippy requires. Failure of the game inventor to provide all the players with a good chance for enjoying themselves is something I cannot accept.

So how can you playtest the game without a helper or more than one helper? The simplest way is to take the pieces (one from each country) and draw them randomly from a box. The order each is drawn is the order each is moved by the tester. Thus a great advantage exists for those moved later in the line. However, if the game is at all even, all the countries will occasionally develop good positions at some time during two or three playtests. If a certain country doesn't, The inventor needs to look at changing this situation. Further, these playtests will show other things (the Barbary Blitz in the Cline-9 comes to mind.)

The next step is, at random, set up alliance structures. Have procedures for stabs, re-alignments, and such like. I use a deck of cards and a table of what each card means. This checks for the "doomsday alliances" (Japan-China in Youngstown) and the impossible alliances (try setting up a Carthage-Rome alliance in Diodachi IV). None of the former, and probably none of the latter should be left in a game when it is published.

(continued next page)

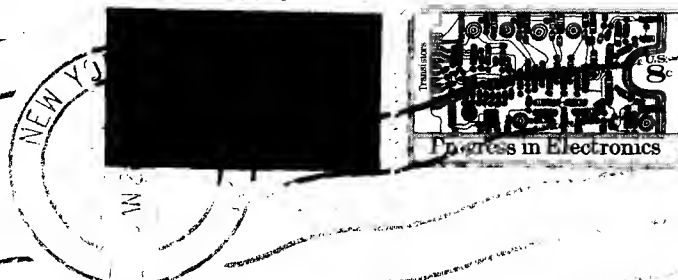
Finally I'm going to state my pet peeve for variants. There are too many useless provinces put in too many variants to clutter up the map, or because the inventor wanted to have a province with that name on it. Check the original 1957 Dippy, or Diodachi I. They're horrendous, but every inventor should check his game, and eliminate provinces that just slow down the game, or worse yet, make all the provinces on the map smaller, and harder to play with.

All the kinds of tests I've talked about can be done alone in one or two afternoons with enough repetitions to be a good test of the game. While problems will still come up, as they do in Diplomacy (esp. too many stalemate lines) this test will allow the best players (who you would use as play-testers) to let everyone enjoy the flow of a well-designed and well-played game.

((There is no way on this earth that one or two persons can simulate diplomacy in a game well. I don't care if you use a deck of cards, a ouija board, and an analog computer, you can't do it. This is reason enough to have a game play-tested by mail if a game can't be gotten up in person by the designer. I fail to see how the players are being gyped by playing in an unbalanced game if they signed up to play-test. They know well that it is not a regular game. Indeed, they may enjoy the idea of play-testing and not caring about winning a game but only exposing its pluses and minuses far more than playing in "just another variant." How can anyone complain about people playing in a game in a way they want to? If a designer feels the need for more testing than he can do on his own, and he can get a full board up of people who want to play-test the game and invest that amount of time and effort, I would think all potential players would be gratified to have the careful analysis done rather than feeling that somehow someone is being robbed. PND))

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